

An abstract painting featuring a large, vibrant red flower-like shape in the upper half. The background is a complex mix of green, yellow, and dark purple/black splatters and textures, creating a dynamic and layered visual effect. The overall style is expressive and textured.

MONDAY

A JOURNAL OF POETRY, PROSE, AND ART

2021

Cover Art by Ed Bowers, *Pretending to Dance Ballet*

MONDAY Journal

5515 Pacific St., #32

Rocklin, CA 95677

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<https://issuu.com/mondayjournal>

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ISSN 2644-3392 (Print)

ISSN 2644-3406 (Online)

MONDAY Journal uses the typefaces Minion Pro and Lato.

In Memory of Bambi Lake, Kurt Heilmann, & Jillian Ann Calley

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Dear Reader,

If you are holding this literary publication in your hands or perhaps perusing it in the online format, then you are not the usual inhabitant of the United States who prefers to spend their free time watching the latest streaming shows, sports games or local news channels. You are already a member of that rare and special breed of Bohemians who like poetry and underground zines. And in the times of the Pandemic, when our minds and souls are burdened by the onslaught of the outside forces of nature and politics, this publication became our place of refuge and a creative outlet. As the editor-in-chief together with my co-editors Nicole Zach, Kenne MacKillop and David Kelley, I salute you and welcome you to the current 2021 issue of “Monday”—A Journal of Poetry, Prose and Art.

The 2021 issue stays close to the roots of the underground poetry scene that gave birth to “Monday” at the back of the “Covered Wagon Saloon” Monday night poetry reading in the SOMA District of San Francisco at the turn of 21st century. This year we turned 21. So, in human years we’re barely transitioning from being a teenager into a somewhat more respectable stage of a young adult with all that it entails. And yet, when you think in terms of the life span of a small, underground literary project we are ancient. Most of the similar small independent publications that were started in the late 1990’s / early 2000’s are all but a memory for the now middle aged former hipsters of the day, while “Monday” journal is still here, full of life, dreams and creativity that is so abundant in the current literary counter-culture. On Feb. 29, 2020 our reading at “The Beat Museum” in North Beach was a towering success and a place for old friends to come together and read old and new work. (At times I felt like the ghosts of Jack Kerouac, Neil Cassidy, Allen Ginsburg and Charles Bukowski were present in the audience and very much part of the scene).

If you are curious to know the secret of our longevity, I will let you in on a secret, in a bit. But first, I want you to do a small exercise: close your eyes, gently. Then cover your ears with your palms to block the outside noises and look inwards, inside yourself. Take a

deep breath, in through your nose, out through your mouth, real slow. Then imagine what life was back in 1999 early 2000 in San Francisco and the larger world in general when the first issue of Monday came out. (Hint: before cell phones and 9/11). Do it for a minute or two, if you like what you see do it as long as you want. If you were not born yet or were too little to remember, no worries. Let your imagination do the work. Then come back to this page.

How do you feel now? What did you see? What were your thoughts about it? Perhaps, you're asking yourself, what is it about? Or what it has to do with literature or poetry in particular? Perhaps nothing. Or maybe, you were able to observe or elicit interesting images or thoughts while turning off temporally your organs of perception such as vision or hearing. Just a mental picture of pure creativity. And that is what "Monday" is all about, a creativity that resurfaces from the depths of every man sooner or later without interference from the mainstream. We were a conduit for such creativity back in 1999 in the back of SOMA's "Covered Wagon Saloon", and we are still such a conduit as you will see in the pages of this publication which I am proud to present to you.

Of course, I would like to thank my long time co-editors Nicole Zach, David Kelley and Kenne MacKillop (aka Kenne) without their support and help this publication would never happen. While we are away from each other, separated by thousands of miles in the case of Nicole and Kenne, and perhaps only a hundred or so with David, we share a mysterious connection and love of underground arts that make it possible for us to continue this literary project. I would like to thank our current and future contributors and readers. Keep on supporting underground art. Keep on creating and staying true to yourself. We encourage you to send us your work for publication in future issues. As to this issue, we plan to follow up with a reading where contributors of this journal, readers and all sort of creative folk come together again. I am looking forward to this celebration of poetry, prose and art that "Monday" Journal has always represented.

Yours Truly,
Vlad Pogorelov, Editor-in-Chief

Introduction

Librarian

Mr. King sits, at the foot of his desk
Allowing his eyes to start to wander

Though they'd been resting on some glossy cover,
His thoughts already were yonder

To a life filled with mystery, adventure and all
Of those stumbled memories led to a fall

The fall to a limp, that limp to a cane
Ideas once brilliant beginning to wane

By god, he feels he's going insane

Mistakenly merged into a packed lane

Realizing now, he's circling the drain

—Jon Westling

Temp

Shouldered appreciation for sweetness in the breeze
Was truthfully more than I could bear

Thus, this became, in a matter of moments,
An initial clue to foreshadow the future

Or, more specifically, its increasing tendency
To be rocked through spouts of pity and inconsistency

A row of circles, all in a line
Accompanied bulls-eye straight in the middle

This was where I'd camped my claim, and I had no plans to depart

But ugh!

How god-damned melodramatic,
Maintaining mentalities such as these

So many months
So many memories

Were focused and wasted on fleas

—Jon Westling

There Are Sonnets

There are sonnets
And red toned shards of pottery
On the desolate shores
Leftover pieces of city life
Sad perspective
Shells and sunlight
Ragtime
Rooming house dreamers
From 1945
Sugar ration coupons
Rosie the Riveter
The end of a trail
Campfire ablaze
There are canvases
That stabilize
A state of delirium
I walk outside
And wait for
The old men
They have war stories
Love on hold
Divine consideration
The snake goddess
Rises on time
For a revival
Of once honored rite
Soda fountain soliloquies
And high school proms
Dinosaur autopsy
Clogging the highway
We loved America
Because it never existed
Our father painted houses
And drank whiskey

He never smoked
He bought a boat
And sailed to Hispaniola
Until it became a dream
Once home he mowed the lawn
And trimmed the hedges
History is to blame
It is a ground sloth
And stinks like musk oxen
Just ask the wise old men
Who do not exist anymore
And ask yourself
Did they ever?

—Neeli Cherkovski

It's Time

It's time
For a close look
At life, time to send
A basketful of gold
To the maker who allowed men
To be happy like
The man in the moon
I'm so dammed wealth and famous
That no one can see it,
I was born on the day Hiroshima
Became a paper crane
So fine, so full of my myself,
The lemon tree
In my garden covers 200 acres,
My bedroom is a perfect place
In which to grow old
The real millionaires and billionaires
I know are mostly angry and
Spiteful, they do not have poetry
To explain eternal poverty,
They don't see what Buddha meant
When he talked of taking care
Of yourself, he meant see your eyes
Everywhere, it all belongs to
You, my pocketful of quartets
Begin in a willow far beyond
The mall
I don't need the Louvre now
That I tend flowers
In the yard, I sleep beside
Wild young angels
Who adore rotting teeth
And running sores, I plant
A rose bush on a pyramid

In July, how many 7 year old poets
Retain their insolence
70 years later?
Now it's 3:45 am, allow the courtesy
Of time in and time out, let me explain
How the bus stopped in a business
Zone and we had to walk
Across the Seine to the hotel
Which told us
The reservation had been cancelled
By unseen hands
We took a taxi
39 miles out to a hotel
On the roadside, in the
Morning we found dynamite
In the vast Orsay Museum
And an old man who looked
Like Henri Matisse, the Degas
Retrospective sailed to heaven
Then i was in Colorado
Western slope sneaking
Pots of coffee and pissing
In the pond out back as the sun
Began to stretch, we ate eggs
And bacon, I felt like
A minor deity, going home
They wheeled me along
A corridor at the Phoenix airport,
The attendant wanted a tip
It's time to sort out your
Space, god is a devil, man
Is a gibbon, grab your dying days
When the wind wanes, grab
A centimeter, hello all you
Chevrolet salesmen, your demise
Is lovely, Jill has her braces,

Tom Tom grew to be a ground sloth,
Ernie bore a son named Ernie
And his father was shot dead in Korea
1952, there is an old woman
Waiting for you
Oh man it's time
To praise a morning dove,
Time to receive every gift
Life can muster, time for peace
In the art of war, midway
Crossing the Seine it began
To rain, we had no protection,
And that's fine, later we ate
In a bistro on a quiet street
Okay, "we be fine"
Said Amiri to me,
He was a prince of poesy
who loved the world, that is
My point, The "I" rests inside
Of you, time will end
Like a flower bed

—Neeli Cherkovski



Sunday Morning
Watching a Sidewalk Sermon
at 24th Street BART
listening to music from a
Red Portable Radio
hanging around my neck

Sunday Morning
—Richard Fong

gutterspouts and birdsong

the books she stole from bookstores she would hardly ever read
except for maybe on the nights she brought them home to breathe in
they tottered in the corners of her dark-at-midday room
that she rented for a hundred bucks a week

the ceiling dripped with something some called water
the walls sweated more than her at night
she crouched against those coffin walls, heard voices coughing in the hall
and closed her eyes and told her hands to write

the books stacked in the corners mingled, moldered into rot
the pages uppermost began to open like a womb
the vines that sprouted there bound themselves up in her hair
and they blossomed where her irises had been

she walked along the city's streets some mornings
and filled her head with fog and leaves, with gutterspouts and birdsong
she shaped her hands like cups and gathered water from the river
as it rushed around her ankles like her life, then out to sea

—Neil Geoff

leaver shiver [or, saps]

more windows more lights inem
this time a year, this beast we call city
more flames iner eyes more stab iner sparkle
these specks iner cold air that upward we wonder

more spatter more spit more sick
more sallow more staying at home wi the cat
it wrankles though still it plumes at the teeth
wreathes, wraps

—Neil Geoff

Song of Sacramento, Mid December Edition

What is this vision I have

Its in English as a second language
cali

graphically
scripted
upon these
ware house
walls

Radio tower
flashes red
with the frequency
of a
screen saver
makes me
see the
light
no matter how blitzed I am

While homeless guy
looks me in the eyes
as I give him a laundry dryer's worth
of change
and now that I'm a dollar less
he says God Bless
and I say leave God out of it

Its the forest green cactus with neon yellow racing stripes
needles of which
prick me
into saying this is
where I want to be

What is this vision I have

upon and within the light rail
swooping
downward
I see this story
inscribed
in the typeface of graffiti
encrypted upon the holy scroll
of construction mesh
upon the fences
in the back yard of power

What is this vision I have

contouring
pronating
wallowing within the depths
of a mattress
akin to being homeless
in the blink of an eye

I see what thankfulness is
to know what I have had
subtracted

and with this spark of insight

I will singe through
and sprawl my arms
through the only wall
to those upon the railroad earth
under the shadow of the Mexican Fan Palm
and bond with them--

because on this night of all nights
the moon will dot upon the eye of the palm
just as it does within their eyes
under a table lamp

on cue
we will rise up
and make the holiest of all ascensions
stampeding like unchained dogs
up the stairs of the maroon mansion
leaping like deer off its roof top
mountaineer up the cusps of the palm
and embed ourselves in its fronds
just as Moses was in the rushes and the reeds
offering our hope above all hope
that we can become eMancipated
by the Big Fella in the Sky

What is this vision I have

after I rappel down
and cycle on
I am called upon to report
to the church of those
that proselytize protocol over product
I shall bear their burden
as the Chosen one

to be their savior
to push back
upon
the flip phone automatons

in an era of a nefarious emperor
who gets away with anything
no matter the cost

here come the nouveaux riche
eMigrating
into the City of Trees
another land of plenty
being elephantinely lyfted upon

the shoulders of their elders
whom have cultivated and harvested
another brand of riches

What is this vision I have

I am being subtracted
into an Invisible Man
—an Intern at 50 I shall be
a l'enfant terrible
grinding my heart
brain

and soul

I am left with no other goal
other than to extricate myself
to cycle back
arriving home
at five ten

to see

I have become
naked to myself

It is the revelation of all revelations

in the intersection of all intersections

I shall see myself for who I am

and I become zen

What is this vision I have?

HISTORY IS BECOMING ALIVE AGAIN

—**Dan Brenner**

Before Coffee, Early March 2020 Edition

Its the convex
(or is it the concave?)
finger doing a downward
dog
 giving up a half
 contractor's
paycheck

Its the boiling strength

of branches
 splaying like charred veins
against the sky
each one mysteriously
aligned with the screeching
of boiling water molecules
bouncing against each other
fueled by heat at whatever constant pressure
against whatever bends the metal of a spout

steam arises
with this concerto of these processes

faster water molecules
rubbing
with X amount of vibrations
@ Y amount of Rpm

save gas
save money
save brain

boiling water steam
arises just as branches do

or are they trimmed
like I shave stubble
weekly

which is more chaotic—
how water boils and screeches
or how steam from coffee floats
against the spout of the
tea kettle
or the air?

how are trees shaped
the way
they are
contoured against the sky

like the blue flame of gas

There is chaos in everything—

hold the pen—
don't let it leap out—

Is it the birds or the branches
that trim their selves
the way they do—
forming the veins of a flame
or the shadows
of a mental map
of insight
against white sky—

what are the sparks that
bond together at which frequency
to cause the blue light of the flame—
there is something zen

to riding at night without a light—
we become closer to native
as close as can be clone (or done?)

is there strength
in the concavity
of the ring finger?

how strange to myself do
I want to be

—Dan Brenner



Untitled
—Eddy Falconer

Is it not the true romantic feeling—
not to escape life, but to prevent life from escaping you?
—Thomas Clayton Wolfe

Tangled Weeds

Sitting among the tangled weeds
I breathe in
Tangled Weeds
In the middle of this life we lead, we exchange
You feed me with your reminder
You in your mixed greens, with specs of scattered colors
I bow in God's sweet embrace
To celebrate our loveliness
In the shade of our friends, the trees
Their shadows making faces
I sit and think of past times and times to come
With your presence, I tune into now
The reflection of your nature
The feel of your texture between my fingers
Now, a time to gaze into eternity
Time has slowed down
My heart taps to a careless beat
From head to toe
I am captured by the musical wind
Hearing a whispering tune seizes me
In a flash, defines me!
I am conquered!
I am conquered by the majesty of the bluest sky
I am conquered, by the deepness of the earth

—Iris Sky

Dazzling Dream

I open my eyes, and turn to you in gladness
When I dreamt that dazzling dream
Touching the untouched
Tasting sweet nectar
Melting upon my tongue. . .
In the brightest white
Near the deep blue sea
Laughter all about
Over head, a choir of musical angels
In a swift motion, I take up to fly
Like a bird I soar
Taking in new dimensions
I settled down
Come to rest
Peaceful from liberation
Perched on a ridge
In the company of the moon
A Phoenix lands
We are side by side
We talk until dawn
This Phoenix tells me. . .
Her secrets, to rising from her ashes

—**Iris Sky**



Staring down at the rabbit hole
—Ed Bowers

Job's Wife's Curse

“curse god and die”
recommends Job's wife
but

i have cursed god and lived thru the moment

all my family and goods intact.
god doesn't care,
nor do the elder gods have any power over happiness.

asides from political pressure
(the sword massed against them)
Jesus had something over the ancient ones,
they say he cares.
That's more endearing than the caprices of storm gods
and
a love goddess who prefers the company of War

“curse god and die!”
my friend w/ emphysema cries out
“what cruel god puts a man thru this!”
as he puffs a cigarette to hurry the process along,

(me and jesus have an agreement.
we have parted ways and
i know, like the goats, which place to go.
the wild hillsides where sheep dare not,
the secret door into the summerlands which aren't quite hospitable to
human kind,
but the Fæ like that—you can visit but can't stay
superstitiously i regret calling the Good People by their name.)

curse god. curse the war spirit filled w/ love's endearments.

if there were any left to defend the earth i say gather your arms and
re-assemble your hacktup torsos, as Tiamat weeps the tears of all rivers,
Lilith banished from the birthchamber,
all the stories that made sense are as nothing now.

earth is dying.

she is so huge to my scale

i cannot see the extent

of the tumour of the CFC biota we create out of an ocean filled w/
toxins, filthy air,

and the radiation we have ignorantly allowed thru.

even now scientists are creating artificial life,

not to even mention the nanotech that no one is willing to put
brakes on, or test in space.

i have cursed god

and the gods,

the Good People steal as often as they give,

and when they steal they expect their glass of milk in the morning
never-the-less.

curses. darkness. dry eyes and a hard heart.

i wd surrender but no one is taking prisoners.

I wd cry “havoc”

(which my Shakespeare lexicon tells me means ‘have no mercy—kill
them all’)

but all my friends left me at the breach - there is no one left.

curses, darkness.

i wd sell out but no one is buying,

and now is the time to buy, my stock is depressed and undervalued.

just ask me,

i am nothing if not everything

and there is only a quart of milk w/ an inch left in my metaphorical
refrigerated heart

—Kenne

Suicide Train

A train of thought goes by
Each car a discrete idea
It goes
Girls, I think a lot about girls
Next, I think about the girls I lost
And Veronica, Ronnie, whom I never made love to
I think about the end of the world
And World Domination
And my journey beyond BEYOND
Roadside entheogens
Being the god who does not want to be GOD
Then my thoughts get disordered
Darkness, alone
Along comes a train
Each car sez
“Kill yourself
Kill yourself
Kill yourself”
And it passes leaving me shaken and a lingering taste of despair
Then a day comes when the suicide train comes
Caboosed with a plan—
I have a knife sharp as razors
I could cut myself
Write my suicide note on my arms
“Stop. You are hurting me. . . it really fucking hurts”
And on my right arm with my left bleeding
Write
“Sorry I hurt you. . .
I was afraid you were gonna
Hurt me. . .”
With that thought complete
I knew I needed help
Every train comes by
“I could just die

I could just die”
Central Control shuts down the tracks
Not thinking
Numb and dry
I take myself to the ER and ask for help
Ambulance crew drive me to the Ohio Hospital of Psychiatry
An anti-psychotic
Anti-depressant
And anti-anxiety pills
Honestly, I feel better.
The pills make a difference
No more suicidal ideation
No thoughts of harm
Still sad and lonely
“Hey buddy, wanna play some cards?”
And a little less sad
I think of my Dad
We usta play a lot of cards
And well, he died
I think of his memorial service
With all the women grieving
My heart cold and numb
I think of the preacher’s wife
Who would not play ‘Auld Lang Syne’
“I don’t think it would be appropriate”
Though I think it was Dad’s favourite song
Smacks of Reincarnation
Think of memories of other lives, the witch who was burned
The priest overcome by smoke
Who died eager to hear a confession
Souls twined together
A room scant of air
An eternal lover
Her Smoke Rises Up Forever!
A story told one night
That changed my life

“Waiting on the hillside
For it to begin again...”
The trains are running again
I think of school
An aptitude test
Programming games
My life story made into a supernatural thriller
I think of poems I have lost
A novel of 17 pages dense with fossils and an old pick up truck
‘Smiley Face Red Letter R’
A girl took me home
She had to do the poet who called himself
Smiley Face Red Letter R
Her friend whom I liked
Met me at a cafe
Dressed in sweats
Gave me a bracelet to remember her by
The bracelet I wore til it broke
All the jewelry I ever lost
“Daddy’s bullshit”
My daughter Ceci points to my chest
[... ? ...]
“Oh, that’s a necklace honey, not a bracelet”
Getting my septum pierced for free at the Gauntlet by an apprentice
It really fucking hurt
And Paul was like “They did it wrong”
Thoughts seldom stop
Or lead to a conclusion
My stories often trail off without a string to tie them together
And today I did not think once
Of killing myself
So, my friend,
“Mr. Kenneth”
You’ve told your tale
Of disordered thoughts
Random cars of whatnot on trains going nowhere

This is the envoy,
And i will say
“In this life I have had enough
toast.”

—Kenne

Karma is always nice to me

I don't know Hope.
Never met a Faith I could trust.
But Karma has been nice to me.

I have not gotten back what I deserve,
Karma is always nice to me.

Karma sure is a bitch, drunk and she ratchets on, loud;
Karma is too much for me when she is like that.
Karma is a bitch
But she is Always nice to me.

Karma sees me and asks
"Are you happy?"
I have been teary too much, miserable and I don't want to be a downer.
"Are you happy kenne?"
"Happy to see you, Karma."
Life is good for the first time in a while.
I get a hug.
Christmas and New Year
Ack.
The year progresses, and light brings an expectation of Hope,
but there is no Hope.
I've given up on Faith.
It's good to hear Karma say
"Are you happy?"
"Happy to see you."
Wry enough I suppose,
she says
"But really, are you happy?"
"Not really. I'm lonely."
"Me too."
We sit like that:
Sad and Lonely.

“What I’d really like is a girl like you, Karma.”

“You have me.”

And him a genuine smile,

Sad and Lonely, together with each other.

And then, Karma takes off, Her got to

Scene and be scene.

—Kenne



Untitled
—Kenne

Cold Water Spray Bottle

My favorite lover called me
out of the blue during a heat
wave in San Francisco
All the windows were open waiting
for a cool breeze
We spent 10 years fine tuning
each other
nothing more
nothing less
he was perfect
He was getting fat and balding
I didn't care
He announced his love for another woman
I cared
Heartbroken
It was all gone
for what
The memory of that hot summer afternoon
in the city
I could use words like lick flip plunge
grasp gasp locked eyes lips thighs
spread pull arch sigh
It was the cold water spray bottle
that kicked it over the edge
When he showed up on his motorcycle
in full leathers ready to strip down
huge cock crooked teeth slanted smile
I lost myself to him
nothing else existed
time stopped
It was forever
shattered expectations is my own folly

—Jane 69

This is where I want to be

when the trombone ceases
while the stolen piano player
tinkers scores for me
violin strings sing to me
softness lays next to me
and sleeps

—Jane 69



Untitled
—Jane 69

The Great Unfriending

of patterns. of drizzle so soft it barely wets.
we're fifty dude. we've wrecked our lives before.
no crashing. no absolutely absolute no. the pot card
may not save my job. the shrink may or may not
be worth it. bodywork somehow more measurable.
to feel it in my knees.

my last husband was prone to projection
my last boyfriend was really looking for God
my last fukbud had a kid who needed tending to
RW died I guess
I haven't seen him in years but let me mourn okay
let the world be different without the guy okay

—**Tim Xonnely**

Towing the Poem for Scrap

She sleep light to the accompaniment of
conspiracy radio call in so I haul my locks
like a storefront from the fantasy of your
nest to the sleep of mine (2 doors)

My walls have surrendered grape skeletons
madness scratches that side where once was a door
my skull has saved me again
the get out lady yelling get out what else say to a ghost

Best kept secrets of the truly famous
buy the T shirt see the book
I been in this city for gold moon yellow moon extra glitter
trouble moon still hang opposite seven thirty sun

Well the volcano snot always hot & the rain rain
not always cold I say this not to advocate
volcano control

—Tim Xonnely

Undulant

I'd made plans to meet you in Bar Noir
on 18th; you were there; we drank. What
happened after that, in the Logan Square
flat, is that in defrocking you knocked over
an antique lamp bequeathed to me by my
aunt in Mahopac. Serendipity, I thought,
stunned then into silence by your bedroom
élan. Outside, a sultry night simmered; this
night of all nights, scattered green glass littered
my bedroom floor, & I finally got taken, past
liquor, to what eternity was only in your mouth—
as though you'd jumped from a forest scene
(ferns, redwoods), a world of pagan magic,
into a scene still undulant with possibilities—

—Adam Fieled

Trooper

In La Tazza, a coffee shop in Manayunk, a stairway led you stiffly into a high-ceiling'd, Spartan, red-painted basement, where I wound up with Chris one autumn night in '97. How Jeremy's group picked us up I don't know, but we all wound up in an apartment on Main Street. Everyone was wearing army jackets; Jeremy was uncharacteristically quiet. He had already lost control of his cabal, & blew in the wind. The poems lay, then, wrapped in a dossier-style presentation, at Villanova, among other secret files; as they lay, also, in Jeremy's brain, as tokens that he once cared to be a real army-trooper.

Jeremy walks down Main Street. In his hands is a copy of "d" magazine, which he hopes to consign anywhere. Rather, he hopes to dump in the river, a few blocks down. The fame he wants is fast, or nothing. He always thought he would make it someday. If he doesn't, it's not his fault. Perhaps he should move to New York, after all. Or teach, tutor, bartend, give up the architecture routine. His brain is a jumble of low & high. It's worth something to him, to be big. Why starve? Why play pauper? It's true: unless he feels royal, royally protected, he can't write. Main Street dead-ends: it's ruthlessly midnight.

—Adam Fieled



Untitled
—Kenne

Children's Hour

At 2 a.m. the nursery rhyme
warbles through the town
It's raining, it's pouring,
sings the wan child.
Where are his parents and who,
for the love of God,
has given him a microphone?
It is the spider
in the industrial park,
spinning industriously before
the camera that triggers
the speakers to rhyme
in reedy, ethereal tones
and so fend off intruders.
Obnoxious, like a car alarm—
private property over
public peace. O citizens,
be alarmed: there is an intruder
in your town— neither spider
nor nursery rhyme—come to steal
the sleep from your eyes.

—Cleveland Wall

Invalid Chair

after Christian Krohg's "Sick Girl"

I keep quiet
gravid with a bundle of light
light as the child's breath
one inhalation following
tentatively upon the other.
Such folds of superabundant
white cotton, as if
the spotlessness could osmose . . .
but it just sits dumbly
over her shoulders, her chest.
I am a polished frame;
red bands on her blanket
like pallid bloodlines
strap her in. Her pale rose
drops heavy petals, leaves.
I am surgically masked
both to shield her
from my dark woven fabric
and to preserve my stolid
composure. I lend what
comfort I can. Hope
is not for me to give.

—Cleveland Wall

Midge

Because what's the fun of being Barbie
without the plain friend? You can take her
shopping, make her look pretty but not
as pretty as you—never as pretty
as you—and that's the beauty of it!
Barbie's wholesome freckled friend
does not resemble a gnat in that
she serves a vital purpose in the game:
the beta foil that makes the alpha
shine the brighter. She may content
herself with the occasional dig about
intellect or bleach, whether or not
she's any smarter or less prone
to artifice. What of it? A silvery laugh,
a toss of the long hair and the whiff
of rancor is gone, leaving just
the faintest smudge on the windscreen
of a fast pink convertible.

—Cleveland Wall



Gone To Seed
—David Kelley

Mr. Grinch has winter blues in Californian suburbia

It is that time of the year
When countless hordes of consumers
Rummaging through the shopping
fields of suburbia

Couples with noisy and
rowdy children
inside shopping carts,
with snot all over their faces,
very appetizing. . .
Elderly on their last legs,
speeding by on disabled scooters
to catch the desired items
at sale price
before the death does
Scatter brained husbands
and wives, eager to scoop up
holiday gifts, wasting time
away from each other
better spent together
Stressing to buy stuff
that they most likely
do no need or want

Most of the gifts will be returned,
re-gifted or put away to rot
in the bottomless drawers or
garages of the material universe
that we inhabit here on this planet
called Suburbia

These are the days of plastic Christmas lights
hanging from the gutters full of standing water,
deers made of wire

pulling Santa's sleigh
over the brown lawns of dry, patchy grass,
over the gray cement sidewalks
devoid of any snow or ice
somewhere in the direction of Mecca,
or perhaps the nearest strip mall. . .

These are the days of quiet desperation
The days of yearning for something
that can not be found in nature, religion
or orthodoxy of consumerism. . .

"I need to ride my sleigh"
I tell myself, acutely aware of
how depressed I am
during this time of universal cheer,
among the land of happy zombies
They are my people,
My busybodies
My friends
My neighbors
My coworkers
My mothers
My fathers
My teachers
My doctors
My chiropractors
My massuses
My police officers
My fellow poets, for Christ sake. . .

There is probably a medical explanation
For this mild case of misantropia
I bet, I can go and get this feeling
examined and diagnosed,
classified and prescribed,
get medicated and therapied

Get in line, like everybody else
Put my pedal to the metal,
Drive my Tesla to the nearest mall
Don't worry
Be happy
Consume
Welcome to the human family. . .

But despite of all this rational thought
that's playing like an annoying radio station
inside of my head
I command my flock of deer:
—Take me
to the nearest dive!
To the drinking den!
To a disreputable place of resort!
Somewhere deep and dark!
A dungeon devoid of sun light,
full of smoke and smell of stale beer
No oxygen please!
Quick!
This is where I will hide until the time
of holiday cheer is over
I will stay quiet and low,
true to myself,
true to my sadness,
true to my mad intoxication,
true to my troubled mind. . .

I will emerge
when the madness is over,
when the population returns
to the old ways of wage slavery,
persistent worry about paychecks,
mortgages,
investments,

vacations,
taxes,
bad elections,
soft erections
kids with bad grades,
obnoxious neighbors. . .
I will emerge,
Depressed as usual
But somehow happy,
that I survived another year
on this planet called Suburbia
I will emerge. . .
I will survive. . .

—Vlad Pogorelov

What I have got (for John Lennon)

I don't believe in Jesus
But I tried
I am a baptized Jew afterwards. . .
I went to Palestine
I was at the place where He was baptized,
had His Last Supper, got crucified
Perhaps I am too proud and ignorant?
Perhaps?
But what I got is
a false believe in me

I don't believe in Donald Trump
I tried, I volunteered but I failed
He is no prophet billionaire
He is a puppet of Wall Street
And what is left for me?
I have a false believe in me

I don't believe in communism
I tried and I was pure in my faith
But Soviet Union simply melted
My country is gone
The greatest country on Earth simply melted away
The old revolutionaries are forgotten
Millions suffered and died—all for nothing
And what is left—
a false believe in me

I don't believe in Bernie Sanders—
a socialite and socialist
I volunteered, I still do
But he is a grumpy old man
Doing what he can
Long live Socialist—

Capitalist States of America!
Feel the burn as they say. . .
But what have I got
once he losses another election?
I've got a false believe in me

I don't believe in art
Museums are full of it
Yet dead children wash away
on the shores of Italy, Greece, United States. . .

I don't believe in love
People burned saints
at stake for the love of humanity

I don't believe in Hitler or nationalism
Or mass murder, or police,
or states or countries,
America, Europe, Asia, Australia,
countless islands
it is all the same to me—pointless
exercise in geography. . .
It does not deserve my approval
nor faith
This whole planet is a joke
Little grease ball lost in space. . .

So, what have I got in the end?
After the lights go out
and voices get softer and die
I've got me, baby
I've got me
Some crazy mother fucker

—Vlad Pogorelov

My Poetry and me

“You seem to write a lot
about sex”, she says
“Do you get any?”

“I am married”, I tell her

“But I can show you
so much more than you
ever imagined. Come
with me”, she takes my hand.

I am still hesitant.
“Once you’ve seen one lady
you’ve seen them all”.
My grandpa used to say this
all of the time. This argument
never fails me, but not with her

She may go away for a while,
but she takes different shapes
and forms.
She can stay next to me
and I won’t even
be able to recognize her
until she winks, maybe,
or gives me a secret sign. . .

One day she is masquerading
as a college freshmen girl
playing to me her favorite “Cold Play”
song on my car radio, and the next
she is an intimidating 6’2”
tall transvestite with bleached
blond hair and deep masculine voice

calling me “Ivan Ivanovitch—
the country doctor” and ordering
me to take her on my lap

At times she is pleasant and fun
We laugh, we go places and meet people
I even professed my love to her,
called her my best friend. . .
But usually this does not last
The idyllic and harmonious
makes her bored very fast

She starts to flirt with strangers,
runs away with my best friend,
stabs me in the back when I least expected it.

She once spread rumors about me
lacing people’s beverages with LSD
at the late night party or
beating up one of her one night stands
in a drunken stupor
and calling police to complain
about her infidelities. . .

Sometimes, I think she is bipolar
I leave this message on her voice mail
“You are bipolar, bitch!”
She calls me back and gives me a diagnosis
of schizophrenia and narcissism.

We go back and forth,
if I am a loser, then she is a whore
“You are horrible in bed”, she screams
“You are a profligate witch!
An adulteress!”, I reply

We usually go like this for a while
Sometimes I hang up on her
boiling with rage
Another time she does that to me
We are two sides of the same coin,
it seems—a hard currency
called co-dependency

We probably will make up the next week,
go hang out at casinos or rock concerts,
reminiscing about past fall outs or
good times we had together
The truth is, she doesn't seem to want
to leave me completely
I can't do it easily either
being not ready to cut the cord

One night, when we got tired
of hurling insults at each other
and became silent for a while
I heard a quiet sobbing
on the other end
My little muse is lonely
She is getting on with age

I suppose,
I do too
The truth is, we are
no longer children we used to be
It is all down the hill now
for both of us. . .

“When I die, will you visit my grave?”,
she finally asks. . .
“You stupid bitch”, I tell her
“If we die, we do it together.

We'll go in style like Heinrich Von Kleist
and Henriette Vogel. Got it?"
I hear her sobbing stops.
She probably is smiling now.
Envisioning the scene of both
of us laying next to each other
with brains blown out next to
exquisite foods and pottery.
A lovely picnic down by the river. . .

"I love you, whore", I tell her
She pays me back with the same coin
"I love you too, mother. . ."
We stay quiet, listening to each
other's breathing—
in and out,
in and out,
in and out. . .

—Vlad Pogorelov



Untitled
Eddy Falconer

Valence

Of all the windows blinking
In all this building why this one
Pulling me through its water-stained glass
Its bed sheet clipped askance to the valance
Its floral print street lit pale orange
Soaked in the dark glare outside
Sputtering its pulse as compulsion

I gaze at the twining silhouettes
Between two black mirrors
My shifting face cascades infinitely
Back into smaller hazier stories
That frame me to this man this woman
Whose shared pulse is my compulsion

From where I can't say
Within their narrow lintel
Between their nude bodies
I enter their valence

—Elder Gideon

Adolescence is inherently a time of storm and stress.

—G. Stanley Hall. *Adolescence* (1904)

The adolescent girl in Samoa differed from her sister who had not reached puberty in one chief respect, that in the older girl certain bodily changes were present which were absent in the younger girl. There were no other great differences to set off the group passing through adolescence from the group which would become adolescent in two years or the group which had become adolescent two years before.

—Margaret Mead. *Coming of Age in Samoa*. (1928)

Storm & Stress

With engorged stamen and carpels how
Will the flush of growth steel themselves
To endure the neurotic lockstep

What span is theirs to reach or aspire
Beyond urban shade cast by phallic steel
Rising and goading adults into systems

By the sweat of their bodies the sighs
Of their mouths the tears of their eyes
Adults commute into dragon jaws

Against what embroiled gravity
Of anonymity can progeny
Of that lonely dyad escape unscathed

By cubical crypts social scripts
Stratify ratify contradict why
Little fish feed ever bigger fish

How shall young roots hold if shamed
By mating by birthing faces or eyes
Exhaling their last vacant gaze

Individualism vies
For young rowers in wooden boats
To clear the glacial vise of icefields

Or be crushed and sink to the ocean floor
Piled up with unfinished business that fails
To confess what digests their parents

—Elder Gideon

Trust

t r u s t t r u s t t r u s t t r u s t
r r r r r r r r
u u u u u u u u
s s s s s s s s
t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t
 r r r r r r r
 u u u u u u u
 s s s s s s s
t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t
r r r r r r r r
u u u u u u u u
s s s s s s s s
t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t
 r r r r r r r
 u u u u u u u
 s s s s s s s
t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t r u s t
r r r r r r r r
u u u u u u u u
s s s s s s s s
t r u s t t r u s t t r u s t t r u s t

—Elder Gideon



Untitled

fabri fibra oil on concrete diameter 25 cm

Mario Loprete

In the Distance

With the approaching
Thunder and such

Portend the up turned collar
Dig my hands down pocket

Turn my shoes towards home
Follow the dog he knows

Where to go
Get

To the rise

Shimmer in the tree top
Icicle shiver
Catch my breath
Almost

Wake in Dave's basement
Partying with the dead boys

Good to be home
Passing the bong of summer

Where the dead boys flew
In full flower gone
Tied off and wrapped up

Remnants scrap booked
So we'll remember

Until we forget

That I would think of you now
Sits me down dumbstruck

No door remains locked
Forever I

Wish it wasn't so

—Lenny Germinara

**Maybe my head will stop spinning when my flippin'
heart comes home**

My life has been circling the toilet for the last two and a half years
like a no fun, no exit, one person, merry-go-round
And this is after a whole decade of diarrhea
(aka, the 90's)

Then, because of a bout of pneumonia at age 55, my doctor tells me
My next fight with pneumonia will probably kill me
Not exactly sure I wanna live long enough to have to buy a plastic anus
Sure as Hell don't wanna suffocate in the wave of a new-fangled lung
disease

Nonetheless, the most important thing to say is: **Black Lives Matter**
It should be news that people in power, in authority, in uniform
are still being trained to believe otherwise

Racism has been grandfathered into the system to this day

In this moment

Could this . . . be . . . **That** . . . Moment?

When time seems to stop and

The crack in the system yawns so wide

The Abyss says . . . well, you know . . . what the Abyss says

Everything is always on the tip of your tongue

The Sun and the Moon and our Precious Umbrella

For the Universe to exist, God has to go a little crazy

Then we have to go and

prove Him one better

Buddhas, though, know how to love absolutely everybody equally

Solving every problem

Everywhere

—**Greg Taylor**

Untitled

I

Where sour fog
 shot with half-light, stench
 of stale water, stirs
dust about its shadow, where it stirs,
gnarls the fog, flays the trunk
 of pine, parched wet of bark,
dead wet of wood, moon foams bright
 ash from the boughs,
 oils in the eye, swells her cheek.
Better that nothing come
 of all this beauty,
 or of all this dust?

II

how far within hell
 May a man know in silence?
(and elysium?)

III

the moon wrung
a blue gold from the waters
 under smell and shadow
 of woodrot a violence of light
(the image will not perish
 but in another image:
 an unstill form turned about the dust
 lighter than its shadow
 is time
eternity in things i have seen sometimes
i cannot make it cohere

IV

We waking have but
sleep, and the chafing vision

(would i could cling to you
as to harshest stone,
hands raving, gone eyes,
the paradise of men
is their memory and their failure
to remember

of what is not.
That we cannot be men
but in what we resist.

V

What word not wreck
 the paradise it speaks—
omnia quae sunt, sunt lumina &
 to each season its ruin:

 though you waste
as a sun between shades and shades,
 enough are shambles

to wrest from the dying green
 world half a light
casting but shade beyond the other lights

VI

But beauty my guide
 ends only in dark
(nor good, nor just
 to end in innocence, as one began—
 in what, then,
 should be thy innocence?
Not life
 but that which bears it.

VII

(Paradise senseless
to a man stripped of voice—)

And how shall I continue my song,
and how cease, not knowing
 distraction from grace,
 or that it comes to the same?
blind as a stone
 this green world an unmute shard

(Paradise no answer, but a lack
of what men bear in excess,
 seeking good,
 doing evil.

VIII

One learns little
by history

the murmur of young men's voices

but to fall silent before a dream
neither yours, nor mine
nor theirs.

razed in the space of a breath

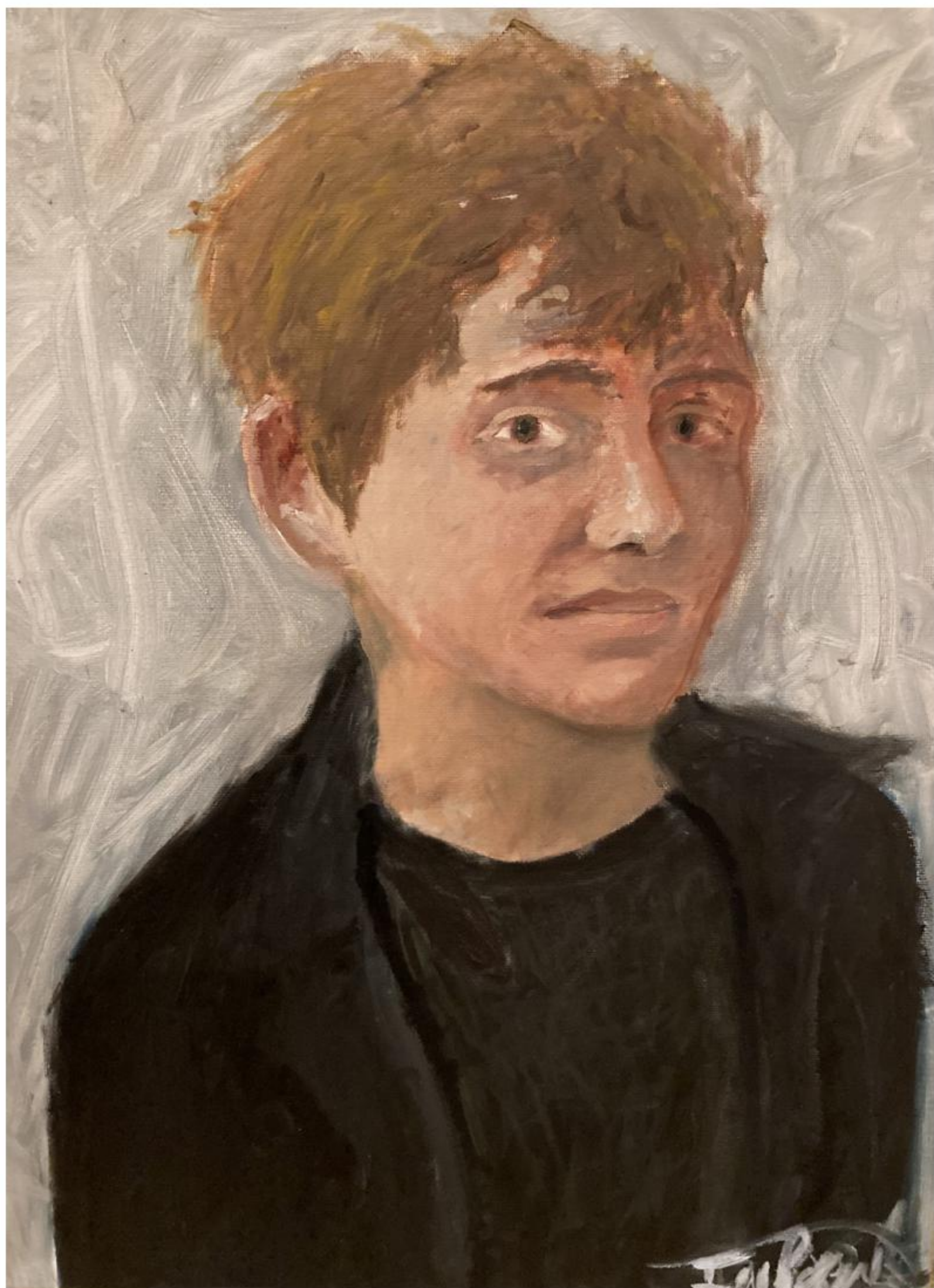
I no more than any other
can remain sober upon this watch.

IX

April's waste blown about
the swelling wavebacks,
heaving
gash of light
running upon water
& sound upon sound.

All this nears nothing.
& if it be not
mute,
we are deaf, else it has
no words for us.

—Selen Ozturk



Self-Portrait
Oil on canvas
—Ian Pogorelov

Maria Eucalyptus

Maria Eucalyptus
Maria Eucalyptus,
daughter of nightingales,
has thrust each hand
into the pants pockets
of the two strange men beside her
on the cross town bus.
The one who neglects to get off
at his usual stop
has unwittingly doomed himself to burning
like a warm bottle of champagne
one second before its cork explosion
for twenty more blocks.
But the other,
who got off
before his usual stop
what must he have to go home to
but an eternity of
dreamless nights
crawling through subways
listening
for the beating
of wings.

—Amaran Tarnoff

Cinerama for the Cyclops

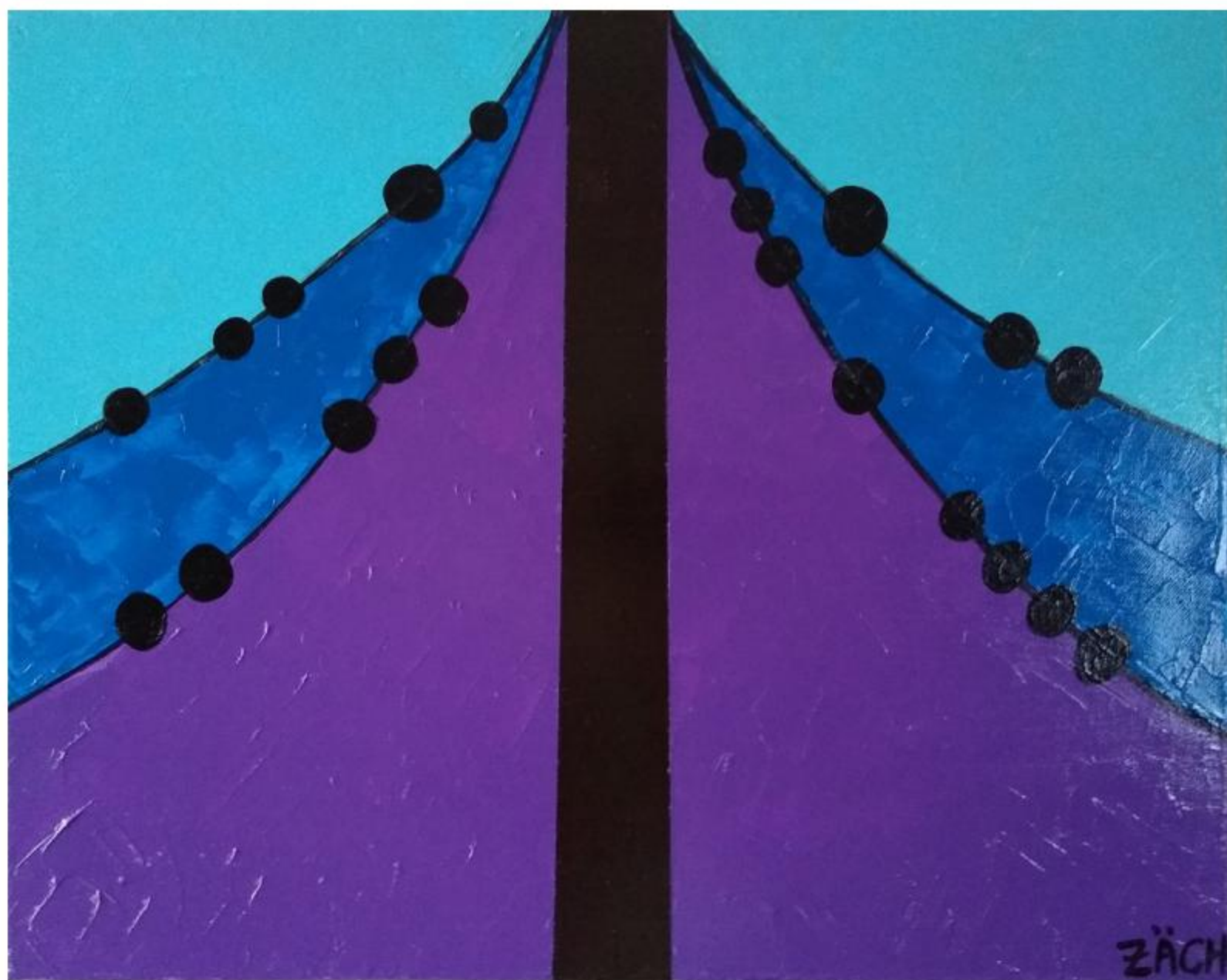
poetry for the mute
for the catatonic songs
ladders for the cripple
for the deaf man gongs
diving boards for the somnambulist
for the acid guru locks
dreams for the insomniac
for the jungle sadhu clocks
serenades for the misogynist
for the simpleminded runes
circuses for the misanthrope
for the spinster junes
race tracks for depressives
for the zen monk rings
cinerama for the Cyclops
for the dead man wings

—**Amaran Tarnoff**

Peppermint tea

Peppermint tea
say your mantra
prostrate
add ice
think:
the cobra
and the setting sun
wind over the lake
your honey
may run out
but the shade
ah the shade
and the last
tune she played
and if you want
add lemonade

—Amaran Tarnoff



Birds
—Nicole Zach

Lost Hope

The shame was a joke of an aesthetic kind
The jock needing to be prettier than the artist mind
They went all out to kill the passion of hope
Just to fill their pockets with too much dope
The galleries were overflowing with blood
The fake paintings were the color of mud
Philosophy was broken down by dictatorship
Education was segregated by censorship

All in despair. . .

The artist cries

—**Nicole Zach**

San Francisco

San Francisco
is old.
It died in 1980
when Ronald Reagan
got elected
President of Coke Town.
I left
five years later,
returned broken,
demented,
a good American,
going along for
THE RIDE.
All people ever
wanted me for was what they
wanted me for.
I failed at giving them
THAT,
whatever it was.
Now I sit in a
room demolished
by Marcel Duchamp
and DaDa,
waiting for
the next axe
to fall.
I could care less about
dying from a virus.
We all die,
others faster than
others,
alot of time
because of
others.

Let us separate
for awhile and
admit
how much it all
really
hurts.

—Ed Bowers

Diamond Dave's Daughter

i'm in a coffee house full of youth
who have about as much interest in me
as i did in them when i was young.

outside the cafe where i sit
inside the cool San Francisco breeze
as though i am April in Paris,
an Afro-American addict
reduced by poverty and image
to infancy beyond age,
is pleading for me to give him God,
as he's escorted out of sight
by an Afro-American man who
wears a uniform because he
works for the joint.

a bicycle falling over is picked up
and gently placed into position by
a responsible hand.

my feet hurt and
i'm too depressed
to help anyone.

Bambi Lake, poet-transvestite,

schizo-speed freak multiple personality
continually shows her belly button for
reasons i cannot comprehend.
has she become a buddha?

she asks for a cigarette and doesn't pay me.

Vlad, russian-poet,
talks of dogs and movies
and trailer trash heaven where
the homeless could shack
in mobile homes abandoned
by Joey Buttafouko
whose Reno whore houses
defaulted to the I.R.S.,
and gossips of big titted women
who suckle ten year old children
on the right breast
while their husbands are passified
by sucking the left.
“it makes their husbands less violent,”
he says.

Vlad is obsessed with sex and weirdness and social change.
he wants to make this pile of horse manure perfect,
or at least comfortable for himself,
which is a schizophrenic ideal and perfectly normal.
Vlad asks for a cigarette and doesn't pay me.

behind this mist of conviviality
i view an Afro-American woman
in an overcoat
sitting at her table crying.
she is the center of attention and isolation.
but i see in her eyes that she
is captured inside her mandalla
like an abandoned child.
there is no escape for her.
she is her own life.

then she rises like a tree
and comes to me
requesting a cigarette.

she gives me a quarter for it.

i can't believe
somebody exists who
values what i have.

is she crazy?

you figure it out.

then Diamond Dave, poet-saint-conduit
for compassionate causes and underground genius,
points to the woman
who paid me for the cigarette
and says, "That's my daughter.
She's schizophrenic."
then he asks for a cigarette.

but he doesn't pay me.

let me get this straight.
i get panhandled
Wednesday night
after a long hard day of work
South of Market for cigarettes
more than in the Tenderloin
where i live,
and nobody pays me but
a schizophrenic woman.

so what is a schizophrenic?

must be someone with class.

Diamond Dave's daughter
knows that if you

act in this movie
you have to play a role
called by your name,
while still remaining
who you are,
which is impossible,
unless you pay to
play yourself.

Diamond Dave's daughter
is dysfunctionally enlightened
and dresses nice and is
too smart to be sexy.

she is a great actress
pretending to be insane
but unwilling to sacrifice
her self for the part.

holistic tears
drown her real face
that giggles inappropriately
at funerals and marriages.

she is bad posture
that dervish dances
a twirl on a grave
sprouting a new her.

she pays for life and death.

but she gave me an idea.

if i can't take it anymore
i can pretend to be insane.

all i have to do is talk
like i write.

then i will ask
for cigarettes while
handing out quarters

coined inside factories
by normals who wish
they were dead.

This poem is for the mentally ill demeaned by those who are normal, and condescended to by psychologists who are crazy enough to believe that they are sane. Mad men and women are teachers of that which is forbidden to know. They, like the mentally retarded, are subjected to insults by those who should feel humble in the presence of those who can teach them about the abuse of power.

—Ed Bowers



Pandora's Pandemic
—David Kelley

Me & My Head

1.

I covered my head

I lowered my head

I fast-forward my head

I hovered my head

I tossed my head

I lost my head

I cried,

Head!

Where are you, head?

I miss you

2.

I put my head on the refrigerator

Fixed its glasses: they were askew

& said, I'll see you

later!

3.

I packed my hair in bales

Flourished my brows with flails

Veiled my eyes with veils

Rolled out my nose on rails

Nailed down my tongue with nails

Emailed my ears emails

in which I right
I left

& I just walked straight outta me

—Eugene Ostashevsky

Cheating Again

On an ancient beach soaked in orange, I am on the balcony of the home
of Zeus,
toes curling on the horizon, beached below the hills of car dealerships
and satellite towers
that grace your body now. Once you were Cybele, then you were the
playground
where constellations lived, playing their family games when night
fell on the blue and green,
rolling golden apples and spilling wine.

Extraordinary it is, but so ordinary it feels to be here,
inhaling how easy it is how I could be anywhere, and how nothing's far
away anymore
tracing my name on distanced shores with my index finger
breaking promises and backing down, a conquered infidel
Stuck on the shore evading history, afraid of living like I was before

In a different time, maybe. My pen is lost and my battery is dead,
it's the same bad dream where I never have that horse I need.
Digging in the sand with wrinkled hands, I reach through the cool shift
for something solid, something dead, a plume of horsehair dipped in ink
A rock to throw at the sunset spilling to the sea, that puddling expanse
below
that feels too honest for me to understand.

Do the gods forgive cosmic accidents? I never meant for this to happen
I liked you best when you were impossible, when all I got
Was to hear your name in the call of the azan in the breeze,
in the red wave of a crescent flag flown half-mast
in the distant drumming of clucks and humming hisses
of happy birthday in another language

I mean, love letters were never meant to be spoken.

Like how

I write the most when I have something to hide,
when there's the thrill of secrets in my veins, when I'm not happy,
When I have something to say and there is no one around
when it's illegal and I must be careful, speak in code.

I walk to the water now, knowing how I will stop.

And stand in the middle of the beguiling calm, where the cold chill of
waves

smack against the middle of my back, hit the place where it hurts the
most,

alone and alive and unwilling to move, remembering

How I chose this again, not to be submerged and stand my ground,
Stay steeped in fate and watching my fantasies whirl around.

So come to me with your long spear, swearing undying friendship and
oaths of home,

tell me that there will be a place for me, in the farthest corner of
forgotten kismet

away from the hectoring swears of lost beauty contests,
of bloodied queens and an old man's poems

I won't believe a word you say but I want to hear it anyway.

—Jeanine Campbell

Jalapeño

If you've never been poor
you haven't worried about
not being able to pay rent
or having to move in with a boyfriend
or have someone say you look great
because you've lost weight
and you have to say,
"Thanks, I'm on the poverty diet"
or you're at the store
buying things to make your weekly soup
and you really want that jalapeño
it's something so small
but when you have so little
everything feels so big
so you drop it in your cart
and the whole time you wonder
if you're really gonna put it
on the checkout belt
or ever felt the inertia of a job search
when entry level serf wages
want your experience to extend years and pages
when an economic downturn has burned a hole
in everyone's pocket
and America's promise
is locked away
in a hide-a-key
and you don't have
the combination

—Val Ibarra

Framed

by August night,
by satellite
by blood orange moonlight
and begonia

ever more
ever more

crow laugh, chortle, rant

Defined
by sea
by blood
by geometry
and melody

ever more
ever more

rabbit scuffle, thump, flop

Dreamed
by wind
by rain
by hail
and the sun's elliptic

ever more
ever more

fish flurry, wriggle, leap

Freed
by surf spray
egret shuffle
nuthatch acrobatics
bumble bee aeronautics
salmon run

evermore
evermore

Quoth the raven
and the salmon
and the rabbit
and the sun

—**Kimi Sugioka**

BIOS



Jillian Calley RIP

Jillian attended MONDAY Journal reading at The Beat Museum on Feb 29, 2020. She passed away unexpectedly at the age of 27 in San Francisco. Although we only met her briefly at the reading, her interest in arts and poetry was apparent. She expressed a lovely interest in our literary project. RIP Jillian. We will remember your beautiful smile.



Adam Fieled

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His latest book, *The Great Recession*, was released as an Argotist Online e-book in 2019. He has work in *Jacket*, *Otoliths*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Tears in the Fence*, and in the *& Now Awards Anthology* from Lake Forest College Press. A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University, where he held the University Fellowship and taught for many years.



Cleveland Wall

Cleveland Wall is a poet/voice actor/mail artist in Bethlehem, PA, land of crows, church bells, and freight trains. She performs with musical combo *The Starry Eyes* and poetry improv group *No River Twice*. Her book *Let X=X* is available from Kelsay Books. More info: clevelandwall.com



Jon Westling

Jon Westling is a nineteen year old writer & filmmaker who spends too much time feeling sorry for himself.



Elder Gideon

Elder Gideon holds an MFA in poetry, keeps a decades-long iconography practice, teaches high school English to underrepresented students, and is in discipleship learning the oral tradition of a Gnostic master, Tau Malachi, with whom he co-authored “Gnosis of Guadalupe” (EPS Press, 2017).

Elder Gideon thrives in collaboration. He produced and performed his chapbook “Owl Songs” set to original music by Sean Wall. This is available on all music streaming services. Collaborating with Sean Wall, and Canadian filmmaker Bevan Klassen, Elder Gideon produced and narrated an experimental documentary “Dark Before Dawn,” which premiered with Woven Tale Press summer 2020.

His three pieces in Monday #2 come from his debut manuscript, “Aegis of Waves,” which will be published in 2021 by Atmosphere Press.



Eddy Falconer

Eddy Falconer, b. 1965 in Massachusetts, grew up in San Francisco adjacent to the counterculture but went off to Yale like a good child of the newly bourgeois. Then for ten years, they fled sequentially to Paris, New York City, and Berlin, gradually becoming something more like a child of the cafes, bars, and squats with dreams, hopes, enthusiasm, and a scattered but determined artistic practice. In Berlin 1989-96, Eddy was productive, authoring queer films, photocollages, and comics, creating drag characters and actions, and writing. In 1996 during a trip back to the US came the psychiatric detention and diagnosis; they shipped back to San Francisco, and they have been Bay Area based ever since. Eddy has worked in theater, made experimental and animated shorts, and in the aught years read frequently on the spoken word circuit. The videos have exhibited internationally at festivals and galleries, in Berlin again, in Spain, Argentina, and India... not to mention in the US.



Kenneth Mackillop

So I said to Mom: what happened when I was a kid
that I turned into such a terrible liar?

In the Land Where No One Ever Tells The Truth

I learned to tell the ultimate lie:

“I’m fine.”

So unconvincingly that no one ever believes me.

Mom said: Nothing happened,

And

There is no point in going over all that now, anyway.

Ah, well one lie came to light.

I was adopted.

A sister I did not know I had called me out of the blue.

In the meantime I had a lot of life happen. Some
homeless and/or substandard housing. Nameless
horror, plenty of that. A bent.mind.



Kimi Sugioka

Kimi Sugioka, is an educator and poet. She earned an MFA at Naropa University and has published two books of poetry; the newest of which is *Wile & Wing* on Manic D Press. She is the poet laureate of Alameda, California, and her work appears in various anthologies including: *Civil Liberties United*, *Endangered Species Enduring Values*, *Colossus: Home*, and *The City is Already Speaking Vol. 4*.



Greg Taylor

Greg Taylor aka Horehound Stillpoint’s work can be found in such anthologies as Poetry Nation, Poetry Slam, Bullets & Butterflies, and Pills, Thrills, Chills, and Heartache. He’s read to audiences from NYC to LA, Vancouver to New Orleans, and everywhere in the SF Bay Area.



Len Germinara

Len Germinara is the author of 7 collections of poetry. His work has appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies. He was the 2003 winner of the Cambridge Poetry Award for best narrative poem. His collection of poems “Back Story” is available from Amazon Books. Founding member of Spoken Word Nantucket and the Moors Poetry Collective. Len ran a Spoken Word venue on Nantucket for 12 years and one in Southern Massachusetts for 4 years. In addition he has provided literacy workshops on poetry and bookbinding for a host of schools in Massachusetts and Colorado for over 15 years. Recently moved to California, Len is board secretary of the Sacramento Poetry Center.

Len’s webpage

www.lengerminara.com



Richard Fong

I started living in the City when the 49ers were winning Super Bowls. Since the start of the Covid 19 Era I’ve had a lot of time to stay at home and listen to the radio. As a result, I’ve been drawing a lot and posting things on Instagram.



Tim Xonnely

Tim Xonnely is an autism paraprofessional and union negotiator living in downtown Berkeley since 1991. His poetry has been in The Racket Quarantine Journal, Berkeley Times, Wicked Gay Ways, Oakland Review, Sparkle & Blink, and the anthologies 1001 Nights: Twenty Years of Redondo Poets at Coffee Cartel.



Mario Loprete

I live in a world that I shape at my liking. I do this through virtual, pictorial, and sculptural movements, transferring my experiences and photographing reality through my mind's filters. I have refined this process through years of research and experimentation.

Links to the socials:

<https://it-it.facebook.com/mario.loprete.5>

www.instagram.com/marioloprete/

www.linkedin.com/in/mario-loprete-7aa22529



Nicole Zach

Nicole Zach is an artist and poet from New York/New Jersey. She is a co-editor for MONDAY—A Journal of Poetry, Prose, & Art (<https://issuu.com/mondayjournal>). Her artwork can be viewed on her website www.nicolezach.live. Nicole is also an ESL teacher.



Geoff Neill

Geoff Neill is the founder and publisher of 3 bean press (formerly little m press), former associate editor of *Tule Review*, and a longtime host of Joe Montoya's Poetry Unplugged at Luna's Café. He has had work published in the *Poems For All* series, the journals *Poetry Now*, *Brevities*, and *Farallon Review*, and the anthologies *La Luna*, *Sacramento Voices*, and *Late Peaches*.



Iris Skies

Risa Iris Sky is a Sacramento poet who reads her work at "Luna" Cafe weekly poetry reading.



Vlad Pogorelov

Vlad Pogorelov is a counter-culture poet and winemaker residing in the Foothills of Sierra Nevada. He started writing in 6th grade when his poem “Screw the fascists” was rejected by the Soviet literary journal “The Young Pioneer”. He had more luck since then.

Vlad was born and raised in the City of Donetsk which is now the capital of unrecognized Donetsk People’s Republic (DPR). He worked as a poetry editor of “Siren’s Silence”—a Philadelphia based underground poetry, prose and art magazine. He founded “Monday”—A Journal of Poetry, Prose and Art together with Susanne Day, Kenne McKillop, Nicole Zach and David Kelley in San Francisco in the Fall of 1999. He is the author of several books of poetry, plays and short stories. His new books “Derelict” 2nd edition and “Into the same river” are slated for publication sometime later this year by Monday Press.

If you ever in Rocklin, California, stop by his house and he will treat you for a glass of awesome organic wine.



Dan Brenner

Dan Brenner is a Bay Area native who has been writing since the early 90s while a student at San Francisco State University during the 25th anniversary craze of *On The Road*. He is influenced by imagery of many kinds that has led to a favorite saying of his, “Consider the Unconsidered.” He is also an up-and-coming watercolor/acrylic painter and known to shoot a mean game of pool, which was the source of an unpublished poetry chapbook. He works in the Geographic Information Systems field and lives in Midtown Sacramento.



Jeanine Campbell

Jeanine has a B.A. in English Literature from Rutgers-Camden University, a CELTA certificate from Cambridge English, and is a certified yoga instructor. She has worked as a university English instructor and a private tutor for high school students and working professionals in Turkey, an English teacher for middle schools and kindergartens in South Korea, and has been an English as a Second Language teacher in her hometown of Philadelphia for the last few years. In her free time, Jeanine enjoys yin yoga and qigong, studying poetry, exploring urban nature, and shopping for children's books.



Valerie Anne Francesca Ibarra

Aka Global Val—is a poet, radio host, and world traveler born and raised in San Francisco. She co-produces and emcees events such as Poems Under the Dome at City Hall and the Earth Day SF festival. In 2020, she was honored to serve on the San Francisco Poet Laureate Selection Committee. She writes at night, gardens in the fog, and promotes world peace.



Ian Pogorelov

I was born in San Francisco in the year of 2004 to two loving parents. I moved out when I turned 5 out into the suburbs of Placer County. I'm currently 17 and attending a local high school, I am passionate about art and the social sciences. My hobbies include painting and arguing with people on the internet.



Amaran Tarnoff

As depicted on the back cover of “Cinerama For The Cyclops,” the collected works of Hash Flash, the author wrote several dispatches (disguised as poems) to report back to his colonization handlers on his home planet of Zuban from 1968 through 1976. Several of the poems were published in small literary magazines and journals of the time, including: Camel’s Coming Press (Maria Eucalyptus), and the Stone Press Weekly J series (Peppermint Tea) and others. Hash Flash performed in a traveling poetry and music performance group called “The Stone Show” which staged two cross country national tours at coffee houses and performance spaces from 1970 to 1973. Amaran Tarnoff edited the poems into book form which was published by Beatitude Press, Berkeley CA in 2009. Amaran is retired, but is currently writing the *Autobiography of Hash Flash* to be published sometime in the next millennium.



Jane 69 aka Adrienne St. John

Author of:

Put San Francisco on your tongue

Eligibility

Pictures for your mind

CDs:

Alchemy of the word

Beaten to the bone

Poetry host in S.F.

The Rendezvous

The Forked Tongue

222 Hyde St Club

Geographical cure to her to

Natchez, MS., New Orleans, LA.

Now living in Chattanooga, TN

and still writing.



Selen Ozturk

Selen Ozturk was born in Istanbul and raised in the Bay Area. She was educated in philosophy at the University of California, Berkeley. Alongside ongoing original work, her current projects include English translations of Arnaut Daniel's canzos from the Provençal. She resides in North Beach, San Francisco.



Eugene Ostashevsky

Eugene Ostashevsky composed this poem in the 90s. His subsequent books of poetry include *Iterature*, *The Life and Opinions of DJ Spinoza* and *The Pirate Who Does Not the Value of Pi*. The former two can be downloaded in their entirety here:

https://uglyducklingpresse.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/Iterature_DP.pdf, and here:

https://uglyducklingpresse.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/09/The_Life_and_Opinions_of_DJ_Spinoza_DP.pdf.

This photo of him was taken by his daughter Una.



David Kelley

Following his arrival in San Francisco in the spring of 1977 David Kelley majored in sculpture at San Francisco Art Institute. He attended San Francisco College of Recording Arts in 1984. He possesses degrees in sculpture, ceramics and art history.

In 1998 together with Tom Ivelli and Whity Sims, David took over the Monday night reading series at "Tip Top Inn" located in the Mission District. When "Tip Top Inn" closed, the reading moved to "Covered Wagon Saloon" later known as "Annie's Cocktail Lounge".

David produced a CD of spoken word "Beaten to the Bone" featuring prominent San Francisco poets and performers. He managed and promoted several bands and continues to photograph the San Francisco underground scene today.



Ed Bowers

My biography is 72 years old. It has suffered since birth just as other biographies have; my condolences to you all. Om Mani Padme Hum. I won't say it has been fun, but it's been interesting. Love, Ed Bowers. P.S. I intend to die singing.



Neeli Cherkovski

An internationally known poet, memoirist, and literary chronicler. He lives and works in San Francisco where he has resided since 1974.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Our submission criteria is simple—if you created an original piece of writing or visual art and believe that it deserves a publication we would like to see it. We encourage both unknown and established American and international authors and artists to submit your previously unpublished work. While most of us are beatniks at heart we are open to a variety of styles. We accept literary translations. We will never discriminate. Be prepared to be published among geniuses. If you're nervous about it, take a deep breath and send your work anyway.

Submission deadlines are December 31 and June 31 for issues appearing in Spring and Fall. Please send up to 6 unpublished poems or two unpublished short stories, original literary criticism and essays, art work (no limit).

You may be invited to a MONDAY journal release party in San Francisco or other cities.

Please e-mail all submissions in doc., rtf., pdf. formats to:
mondayjournal@yandex.com

If you prefer snail mail please send to the address below and please include SASE with proper postage.

MONDAY Journal
5515 Pacific St., #32
Rocklin, CA 95677

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Vlad Pogorelov, editor in chief
Kenneth MacKillop, poetry, prose
Nicole Zach, art, poetry
David Kelley, art, reading series, promoter

Good luck!

